SHAKESPEARE'S LOVERS IN A GARDEN

SHAKESPEARE

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SHAKESPEARE'S LOVERS in a GARDEN

A FLOWER MASQUE

by ALICE C. D. RILEY

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE
by ELEANOR ELLIS PERKINS

THE PLAY 50¢ THE BOOK OF MUSIC $5.00

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SHAKESPEARE'S LOVERS IN A GARDEN

A FLOWER MASQUE

WRITTEN FOR THE DRAMA LEAGUE OF AMERICA
FOR ITS TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION
OF SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY

by

ALICE C. D. RILEY

1915

RE-EDITED BY THE AUTHOR
1927

Prologue and Epilogue by
ELEANOR ELLIS PERKINS

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CHARACTERS

PUCK
FAIRY (The one who enters with Puck)
TITANIA

Fairies—(First, Second, Third, Fourth, etc.)

OBERON
BOTTOM
PEASEBLOSSOM
COBWEB
MOTH
MUSTARDSEED

Spring Flowers

IRIS
CERES

Summer Flowers, Nymphs, Peacocks, etc.

ARIEL

Autumn Flowers
Snowflakes

FLORIZEL
PERDITA
PROSERPINA
SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES

Daffodils
Swallows

AUTOLYCUS

Masked Guests at the Capulet Ball

ROMEO
JULIET
OPHELIA
MUSICIANS
DUKE
VIOLA
CLOWNS
ORLANDO
ROSALIND
CELIA
OLIVER
TOUCHSTONE
AUDREY
SILVIUS
PHOEBE
HUNTSMEN

CHARACTERS OF THE PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE

QUEEN ELIZABETH
SHAKESPEARE
PAGES
LORDS OF HER COURT
LADIES OF HER COURT

Pages of the Chair, of the Lanterns and of the Queen's Train.

NOTES ON PRODUCTION

In casting use all ages, from little children for the small fairies, to good singers for the solo songs.

A cut version may be given either by dropping out some of the plays represented, or by cutting the lines. The exigencies of each production decide these matters. With an out-of-door production in a large place, lines should be few. In an in-door production, the beautiful reading of the lines may be the best of the Masque. It must be adapted to local conditions.

COSTUMING

The costuming of the plays of Shakespeare has been done so often and so well that costume plates are available in most public libraries. In general remember that *color* is the important thing, and remember, also, that electric light changes many colors.

LIGHTING

In any out-of-door production, the lighting will be the important feature of the spectacle. Now-a-days, there are so many possibilities in "flood," "strip" and "spot" lighting, and so many lovely colors to be got in this lighting, that this feature of the production should be in the hands of an experienced electrician.

DANCING

The dances should be various, covering the many types: folk dances, ballet and toe-dancing, ball-room dancing (in "Romeo and Juliet") picturesque dancing, as in the "Flower Ballets," minuet and old-fashioned dances, etc.

The old English folk dances should be used when possible.

Naturally, the services of a trained teacher must be had.

MUSIC

A music program is given here, but substitutions are easily made.

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SHAKESPEARE'S LOVERS IN A GARDEN

by ALICE C. D. RILEY

PROLOGUE

OVERTURE—DORNRÖSCHEN WALTZ . . . . *Tschaikowsky*

The stage shows a woodland, with a "mossy bank" at left front, a slight rise of the ground (for the Queen's chair) at right.

In the beginning the stage is dark. The overture (Music No. 1) is heard. At properly timed cue enters the procession.

Two Pages carrying lanterns on poles. (Lights go on a little.)

Four Pages carrying the Chair of State on poles, like a sedan.

Two more Pages with lanterns. (Lights brighter.)

Procession of Lords and Ladies of the Court, who enter dancing, and who, after the Chair has been placed on its elevation, and the lantern-boys have stationed themselves in a line behind the Chair, form themselves into a bowing line to welcome the entrance of Queen Elizabeth.

Two more Pages with lanterns, (full lights on) and, following them, her train bourne by two Pages, QUEEN ELIZABETH. *She passes the line of bowing courtiers, mounts the Chair of State; the Court and the last pair of Pages take places near the Chair, and the music ends.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH

"Tonight the fragrant woods have called our court
From out chill corridors and marble halls
To linger in the brooding warmth of June;
And tune our laughter to the wandering breeze.

Here let the blossoming buds and whispering trees
Be as an altar where we see enshrined
The loved fancies of our Shakespeare's mind.
It seems that there Titania oft might sit
On yonder bank, and watch her fairies flit
Among the shadows, here might we find
On bending boughs, sweet songs to Rosalind.
And since all nature is to us endeared
By some creation of his magic art,
Should we not most delight in sylvan haunts
To do him honor and to sing his praise?"

* * *

The solitary figure of Shakespeare, clothed in black with lace ruffles, enters at front left and crosses to the foot of the Throne Chair. He takes her extended hand and kisses it. All this while she gives the following lines:

* * *

QUEEN

Ho! Enter thou thrice welcome bard of time!
Approach the throne that with our wandering praise
Thou mayest be crowned. Then wave thy fancy wand
And here for our enchantment make appear
A garden, with thy fancies set around.
With elves and fairies let the place abound;
And all thy lovers there renew their vows.

* * *

SHAKESPEARE

Oh, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou, theyself, dost give invention light!
Be thou the tenth muse—ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth

Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
If my slight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

* * *

He bows deeply, she graciously extends again her hand, which he kisses. He now goes to center front, raises his hand in invocation, (at which all lights go off except a single spot, which rests on him), and speaks:

SHAKESPEARE

MUSIC

PRELUDE, OP. 28, NO. 7 . . . . . *Chopin*

(Continue music through to Puck's exit.)

Ye spirits of the vasty deep,
Ye nymphs that close in hiding keep,
Ye fairies that in blossoms sleep,
Ye elves that 'neath the mushrooms creep,
Straightway appear!
Ye lovers that in gardens croon
Your world-old vows in tender tune,
Ye pensioners of the magic moon,
Come share with us this night of June!
Dance for us here!

As he finishes, the spot-light, turned blue, leaves him and falls upon the place of entrance of Puck and others. Shakespeare returns to his place at the foot of Elizabeth's throne.

END OF PROLOGUE

Prologue by ELEANOR PERKINS, Evanston, Ill.

Episode from

"MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

ACT II, SCENE I

* * *

Enter, from opposite sides toward the back, PUCK *and a* FAIRY.

PUCK SPEAKS

PUCK

"How now, spirit, whither wander you?

FAIRY

Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon."

(Exeunt Puck and Fairy.)

ACT II, SCENE II

MUSIC

VALSE LENTE—"COPPELIA" . . . . . *Delibes*

Enter to music, TITANIA *and her train: fairies, elves, etc. They have an elaborate dance, circling about* TITANIA.

TITANIA SPEAKS

TITANIA

Come, now, a rondel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

TITANIA *is lead by her especial attendants to the "mossy bank" where she is disposed for sleep. The others sing:*

SONG

MUSIC

"YE SPOTTED SNAKES" . . . . . *Stevens*

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

* * *

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, Lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

* * *

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; Lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

OBERON SPEAKS, ETC.

FAIRY

Hence, away! Now all is well:
One aloof stands sentinel.
(Exeunt Fairies, Titania sleeps.)

* * *

(Re-enter Puck with Oberon.)

OBERON

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer!

PUCK

Ay, there it is.

OBERON

I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxslips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious wood-bine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

MUSIC

NOCTURNE—GO TO SLEEP FAIRIES . . . . *Alban Forester*

Oberon discovers TITANIA *asleep. He approaches her with the flower and touches her eyes. Exit* PUCK.

What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eyes it shall appear
When thou wakest, it is thy dear:
Wake when some vile thing is near.

(Exit OBERON.*)*

ACT III, SCENE II

(Re-enter PUCK, *leading* BOTTOM *with an ass's head.)*

MUSIC

MARCHE FUNEBRE D'UNE MARIONETTE . . . . . *Gounod*

BOTTOM *(sings)*

The ousel cock so black of hue
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;

(Re-enter all fairies on tip-toe.)

TITANIA *(awakening)*

What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

BOTTOM *(sings)*

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo grey,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay?

TITANIA SPEAKS

TITANIA

Thou are as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOTTOM

Not so, neither, but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

MUSIC

VALSE LENTE—COPPELIA . . . . . *Delibes*
(Play softly through scene until their exeunt.)

TITANIA

Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate:
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

(Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH *and* MUSTARDSEED.*)*

First Fairy. Ready.
Second Fairy. And I.
Third Fairy. And I.
Fourth Fairy. And I.
All. Where shall we go?

TITANIA

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries;

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

First Fairy. Hail!
Second Fairy. Hail!
Third Fairy. Hail!
Fourth Fairy. Hail, mortal!

(All bow before the throne. Exeunt PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, *and* MUSTARDSEED.*)*

MUSIC
SPRING DANCE, OP. 38, No. 5 . . . . . *Grieg*

DANCE OF FAIRIES

Re-enter all the fairies in an elaborate dance, while TITANIA *and* BOTTOM *hold converse. At the end of this dance,* PEASEBLOSSOM *re-enters leading on a host of Spring Flowers.*

Repeat SPRING DANCE

DANCE OF SPRING FLOWERS

In this Flower Dance, PEASEBLOSSOM *may do a pas seul if desired. Costumes in pastel shades.*
(Exeunt dancers, or take places, according to staging.)

"THE TEMPEST"

ACT IV, SCENE I

Enter IRIS, *followed by* CERES.

IRIS SPEAKS

IRIS

CERES, most beauteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease;
Thy turfy mountains where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-
groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rock-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here, on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich CERES, her to entertain.

MUSIC

ANITRA'S DANCE, OP. 46, NO. 3 . . . . . *Grieg*

CERES *signals, and there enter her attendants:* SUMMER FLOWERS, WATER *and* RAIN-BOW NYMPHS, PEACOCKS.

THE DANCE OF SUMMER

(Exeunt or to place according to staging.)

"THE TEMPEST"

ACT V, SCENE I

Enters ARIEL, *singing.*

MUSIC

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS . . . . . *Arne*

ARIEL

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's wing I do fly.
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

MUSIC

DORNRÖSCHEN WALTZ . . . . . *Tschaikowsky*

Enters MUSTARDSEED, *attended by the Autumn Flowers, Fruits, and a stream of Butterflies. Rich colors.*

DANCE OF THE AUTUMN FLOWERS

(Exeunt or take places according to staging.)

* * *

DANCE OF WINTER

MOTH AND COBWEB, *in white, lead in the Snowflakes.*

DANCE OF THE SNOW *led by a duo dance of* MOTH AND COBWEB. *Exeunt or to place, according to staging. (End of music.)*

* * *

CERES, *attended by her Peacocks, advances to the throne of* TITANIA, *where stands also* IRIS.

CERES SPEAKS

CERES

Hail! many colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy bent bow doth crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth,—why hast thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

IRIS

A contract of true love to celebrate.

TITANIA *(rising)*

*A contract of true love to celebrate.

*Within this True Love Garden;—call Love here.

And some donation freely we'll estate
On the blest lovers,* when they shall appear.

*(First Footnote:—Titania is here allowed to repeat Ceres' line.)
*(Second Footnote:—This whole line interpolated.)
*(Third Footnote:—Last four words interpolated.)

"THE WINTER'S TALE"

ACT IV, SCENE IV

MUSIC

SHEPHERD'S DANCE FROM "HENRY VIII" . . *Edward German*

Enter SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES *followed by* FLORIZEL AND PERDITA.

FLORIZEL

These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't—

1. Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
2. That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
3. And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
4. As your good flock shall prosper.

PERDITA

*Sirs, I bid you welcome!
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day———
You're welcome to our shearing.

MUSIC

SHEPHERD'S HEY—A MORRIS DANCE . . . . . *Sharp*

DANCE OF THE SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES

PERDITA SPEAKS

PERDITA *(giving flowers)*

Here's flowers for you;
The marigold that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping: These are the flowers

*(Fourth Footnote:—Lines 1, 2, 3, and 4 are, in the text, in the mouth of a shepherd.)

*(Fifth Footnote:—In the text, "Sir" is in the singular.)

Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. (She gives to an old shepherd.)
You're very welcome.

(Giving to CAMILLO, *disguised as a shepherd.)*

I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina
For the flowers now, that frightened thou let's fall
From Dis's waggon: daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath,—pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold cowslips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of!
*O, sweet Proserpina, come with thy daffodils.

MUSIC

SPRING DANCE . . . . . *Grieg*

MUSIC.—PROSERPINA *enters, followed by her dancing* DAFFODILS. *After they dance, the* SWALLOWS *enter in a dashing dance, swooping from side to side, between the groups of* DAFFODILS, *the black costumes a striking contrast to the gold. Exeunt or take places according to staging.*

*(Note:—The last line is interpolated.)

"THE WINTER'S TALE"

ACT IV, SCENE III

AUTOLYCUS *enters, singing:*

MUSIC

WHEN DAFFODILS . . . . . *Redman*

AUTOLYCUS

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

* * *

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

* * *

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my mate,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

* * *

I have served PRINCE FLORIZEL *and in my time worn three-pile; but now I am out of service:*

* * *

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

* * *

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

FLORIZEL SPEAKS

FLORIZEL

(Coming down and pushing AUTOLYCUS *away.)*

*Out on you, rascal.

(He goes to PERDITA *and leads her forward.)*

Thou dearest PERDITA,
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.———
But come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my PERDITA: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

PERDITA

I'll swear for 'em. *(They dance.)*

MUSIC

MORRIS DANCE—BEAN SETTING . . . . . *Sharp*

DUO DANCE OF PERDITA AND FLORIZEL

Supported by SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES

*(Note:—The next four words are interpolated.)

"ROMEO AND JULIET"

ACT II SCENE II

MUSIC

MINUET IN G . . . . . *Beethoven*

Masked dancers from the Capulet ball rush upon the stage. Some dance, some are making love, some are at chase, trying to unmask their ladies. As they finish their dance and sweep off ROMEO *enters, his mask lifted, looking out after them.*

ROMEO SPEAKS

ROMEO *(musing)*

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

JULIET *(entering, unmasked)*

Hist! Romeo, hist! (he turns slowly, still looking off)
O, for a falconer's voice
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!—

ROMEO *(turning)*

It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lover's tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

JULIET

Romeo!

ROMEO *(discovering* JULIET*)*

My dear?

JULIET

At what o'clock tomorrow
Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO

At the hour of nine.

JULIET

I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET

I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

ROMEO

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

JULIET

'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone;
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silken thread plucks it back again,
So loving jealous of his liberty.

ROMEO

I would I were thy bird.

JULIET

Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing—

MUSIC

MINUET IN G . . . . . *Beethoven*

Repeats the dance of the beginning of scene and the masked dancers whirl back, engulfing the lovers. Exeunt all, or, to position on stage, according to staging.

"HAMLET"

ACT IV, SCENE V

OPHELIA enters.

MUSIC

How Should I Your True Love Know? . . . *Traditional*

OPHELIA *(sings)*

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.
He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.
Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.
They bore him bare-faced on the bier:
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear,—
You must sing a-down,
An you call him a-down-a.

OPHELIA SPEAKS

(She counts over her flowers.)

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance: pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts. There's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue for you; and here's some for me: we may call it herb o' grace o' Sundays: O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died: they say a' made a good end,—(sings).

* * *

Previous Song

For bonny sweet Robin is all of my joy.
And will a' not come again?
And will a' not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He will never come again. (She exits.)

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

ACT II, SCENE IV

MUSIC

MARCHE DES ROIS . . . . . *Lully*

Enter Musicians playing upon lute, mandolin, etc. Enter the DUKE *and* VIOLA:

THE DUKE SPEAKS

DUKE

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?—

MUSIC

OH, MISTRESS MINE . . . . . *Traditional*

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.
What is love? 'tis not hereafter,

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come and kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

(From Act two, sung there by the Clown. Here it may be sung by one of the musicians.)

VIOLA SPEAKS

VIOLA

It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned,—Ay, but I know—
Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should love your lordship.

DUKE

And what's her history?

VIOLA

A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: She pined in thought
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than will: for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

* * *

MUSIC

DANCE OF CLOWNS—"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" . . . . . *Mendelssohn*

Enters a troup of CLOWNS, *who dance grotesquely before the* DUKE *and* VIOLA, *withdrawn to one side. At the end of the dance, all sing:*

MUSIC

"COME AWAY DEATH" . . . . . *Dorothy Riley Brown*

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strewn;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

* * *

DUKE *(as they exeunt)*

Let all the rest give place.

MUSIC

DANCE OF CLOWNS . . . . . *Mendelssohn*

(Exeunt or to places.)

"AS YOU LIKE IT"

ACT V, SCENE II

MUSIC

MARCHE DES ROI . . . . . *Lully*

Enter, to music, ORLANDO *and* ROSALIND, CELIA *and* OLIVER, TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY, SILVIUS *and* PHOEBE, *and a chorus of* HUNTSMEN.

SONG

MUSIC

"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE" . . . . . *Arne*

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

* * *

Who doth ambition shun,
And love to lie i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets.
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

* * *

LINES

PHOEBE *(to Rosalind)*

Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

ROSALIND

I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

PHOEBE

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

SILVIUS

It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phoebe.

PHOEBE

And I for GANYMEDE

ORLANDO

And I for ROSALIND

ROSALIND

And I for no woman.

SILVIUS

It is to be all made of faith and service
And so am I for PHOEBE.

PHOEBE

And I for GANYMEDE.

ORLANDO

And I for ROSALIND.

ROSALIND

And I for no woman.

SILVIUS

It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for PHOEBE.

PHOEBE

And so am I for GANYMEDE.

ORLANDO

And so am I for ROSALIND.

ROSALIND

And so am I for no woman.

PHOEBE

If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

SILVIUS

If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ORLANDO

If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ROSALIND

Who do you speak to, "Why blame you me to love you?"

ORLANDO

To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

ROSALIND

Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. (To SILVIUS) I will help you if I can. (To PHOEBE) I would love you if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. (To PHOEBE) I will marry you if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow. (To ORLANDO) I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow. (To SILVIUS) I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. (To ORLANDO) As you love Rosalind, meet. (To SILVIUS) As you love PHOEBE, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

SILVIUS

I'll not fail, if I live.

PHOEBE

Nor I.

ORLANDO

Nor I.

* * *

MUSIC

MORRIS DANCE No. 1, from "Three Dances" . . . *German*

They dance a Morris dance, and exeunt or to places.

"MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

ACT III, SCENE I

MUSIC

GO TO SLEEP, FAIRIES—NOCTURNE . . . . *Alban Foerster*

Enter OBERON, *followed by* PUCK.

OBERON SPEAKS

OBERON

I wonder if TITANIA be awaked;—*(he approaches her.)*
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see;
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my TITANIA, wake you, my sweet queen.

TITANIA *(waking)*

My OBERON! What visions have I seen.

OBERON

TITANIA, music calls. *(End of Nocturne.)*

TITANIA

Music, ho! MUSIC!

MUSIC

CORONATION MARCH . . . . . *Meyerbeer*

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. *A processional dance, in which all the lovers and their trains enter. When all are massed on stage:—*

MUSIC

"IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS" . . . . . *Morley*

(From "As You Like It"—Act V, Scene III.)

Full Chorus:

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho! and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

* * *

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho! and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie, in springtime, etc.

* * *

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho! and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In springtime—etc.

* * *

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho! and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In springtime, etc., etc.

* * *

The music continues as they all pass, and exeunt in a long procession. Out-of-door they will exeunt through the forest. In-doors they will exeunt out through the audience room, singing and in procession.

* * *

Left on stage are: QUEEN ELIZABETH, *the* COURTIERS *and* PAGE-BOYS.

EPILOGUE

SHAKESPEARE *advances to the foot of the throne and bows before the Queen.* ELIZABETH *rises, smiling graciously, and addresses him:*

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive your magic rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to its lasting doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this—and dwell in lovers' eyes.

She crowns him with a wreath of laurels, descends the throne, and led by SHAKESPEARE, *exits, followed by her* COURT *and* PAGES.

MUSIC

CORONATION MARCH . . . . . *Meyerbeer*

THE END

Epilogue by ELEANOR PERKINS.

To be shelved with v.2 which is oversized.

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